1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M34

At that time I had vainly tried to find the sons of a *shrykh* called Achmed Hafiz, whose name will be known to readers of Homer Davenport's book, "My Quest of the Arab Horse" (New York, 1908). It was from this Achmed Hafiz that Davenport (with whose sister I became well acquainted in California) bought twenty-seven Arab horses in 1906.

On my arrival in Aleppo, my first task was to find the *wakil*. The directions led me to a medizval building near the citadel. The entrance was barred by an enormous iron-studded timber gate. From the courtyard behind it I could hear the well-known guttural accents of Bedouins. I knocked repeatedly without response. Suddenly, however, with creaking hinges, the huge gate flew wide open, and out galloped four horsemen, almost running me down. Squeezed flat against a stone pillar, I looked in amazement after the small cavalcade that disappeared in a cloud of dust round the beetling ramparts of the old Crusader's castle.

When I turned my eyes to the entrance again, I saw standing before me in the doorway a Bedouin unusually big for his race, a good six feet high, who scrutinized me critically without "batting an eyelid" and without responding to my greeting. At length he coolly laid an arm round my shoulders and, in no very amiable manner, pulled me within, while with his other arm he gave a tug at a long rusty chain, which effectively closed the gate.

My eyes fell on a caravanserai that made me fancy myself back in the days of the Caliphs. The yard was not exactly tidy, but it looked better than many a khan

I. Hasaan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M 54

I had seen in Istambul and Baghdad. Scattered about higgeldy-piggeldy, in peaceful contentment, was a mingled assortment of camels, horses, asses, goats, and sheep. Lazily the lean, shaggy beasts munched the chaff spread for them on worn-out bast mats and hides. Camel-drovers, muffled in their frayed cloaks, were squatting about. Dirty children tumbled boisterously over the humps of the camels and darted in and out between their legs, while the animals, with blinking eyes and drooping ears, patiently put up with the sport. Pigeons continually fluttered between the court and the old bastions and turrets, and, sailing low over the battlemented walls, small vultures circled on motionless wings, croaking hungrily, with baleful eyes ever on the watch for a meal.

"Whence cometh thou?" the big fellow questioned without any form of introduction and with scant courtesy. I reached into my breast pocket and drew from it the letter of recommendation, much crumpled and stained, and with it, inadvertently, a photographic reproduction of Homer Davenport's well-known drawing, "Haleb's Farewell to the Desert." The picture shows Sheykh Achmed Hafiz and his Bedouin friends witnessing the departure of that celebrated Arab stallion, Haleb, which the Turkish governor of Syria had given Davenport as a present. My tall friend grabbed both letter and picture from my hand and fingered them clumsily. Suddenly he discovered on the photograph familiar faces and figures. A thunderbolt could not have produced greater consternation in the tranquil courtyard than did the giant's frantic exclamations at this sudden recognition. His surprise was comical. Stuttering